

Selected **Animal Stories**



FOR
CHILDREN
5 to 8
Years Old

The STORIES IN THIS BOOK

Black Beauty

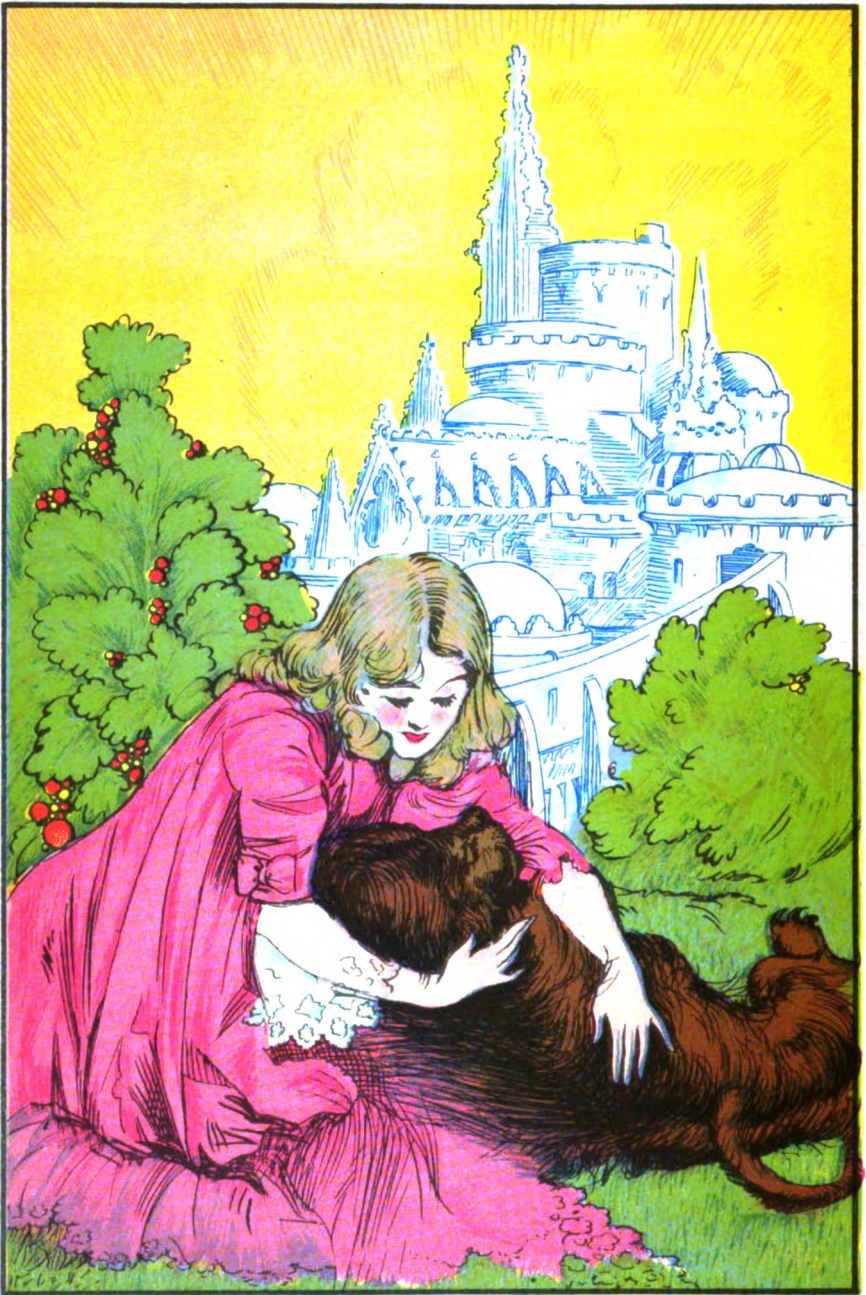
The Dog of Flanders

The Camel's Sudden Change
Mr. Duck and Mr. Beaver





A Book for Children 8 to 12 Years Old



SHE FOUND THE POOR BEAST LYING SENSELESS
UPON THE GROUND

Selected Animal Stories

THE STORIES IN THE BOOK:

Black Beauty

The Dog of Flanders

The Lion and the Mouse

The Camel's Sudden Change

Mr. Duck and Mr. Beaver

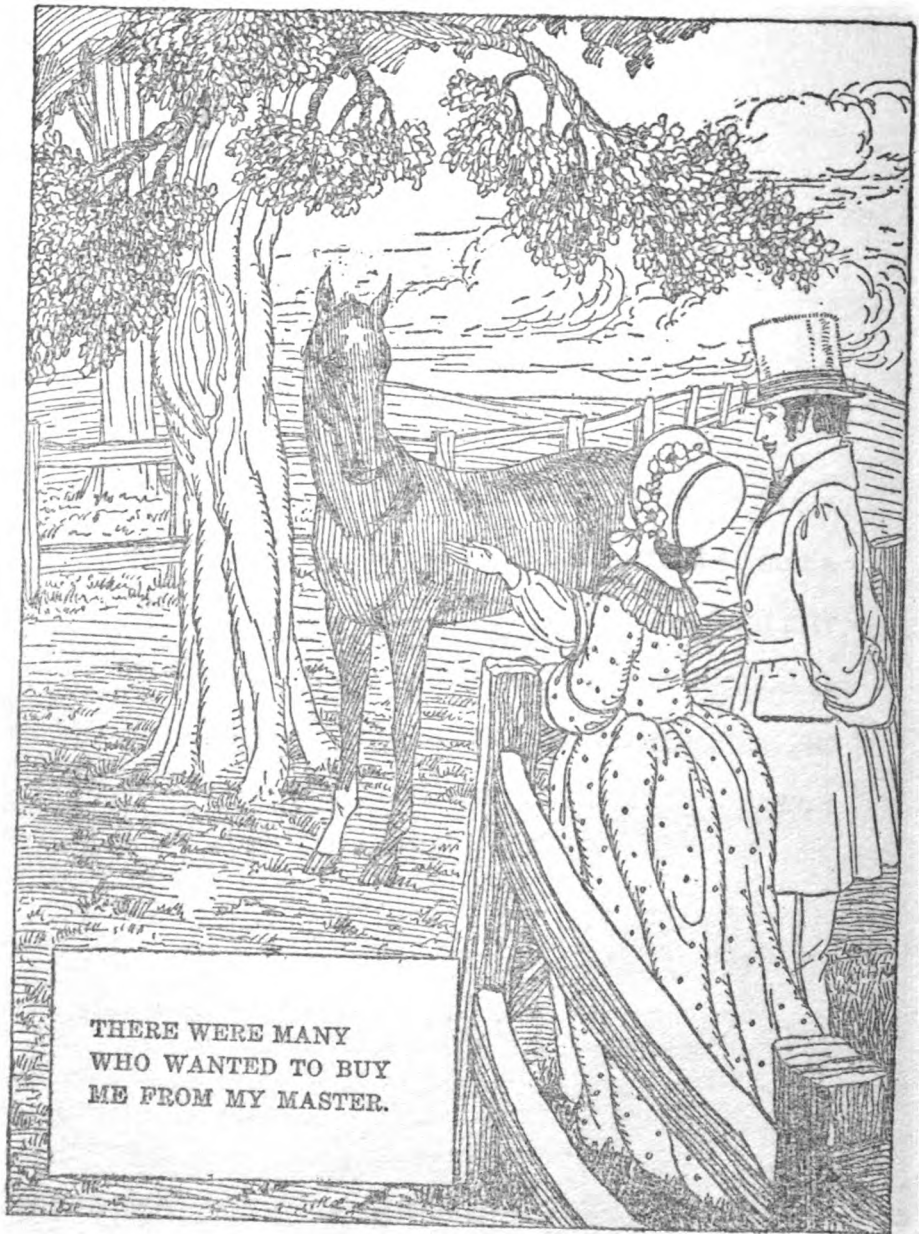
How the Monkey Tricked the Lion



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BLACK BEAUTY

The first place that I can remember was a large pleasant place with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother went back to work in the day-time, coming home only in the evening.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. We were fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and question her about "her little Darkie," for that is what he called me.

Dick, a ploughboy, came to our fields at times, to have, what he called, fun with the colts, throwing sticks and stones at them to make them gallop. Our master caught him at it one day and grasping him by the arm, gave him such a box on the ear, which made Dick roar with pain. After that, Dick kept away from us. You see, master could not stand for cruelty and needless suffering.

When I was two years old, I was handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft and was bright black. I had one white foot and a pretty white star on my forehead. I had a very happy life, and my master was proud and considerate of me. There were many who wanted to buy me from him, but he had made up his mind that he would not sell me until I was four years old.

It was then that Squire Gordon came to examine me. Evidently, I was quite satisfactory. It was decided that my master was to break me in—to teach me to wear a collar, a saddle, and a bridle, and to carry man, woman, or child. This was a new experience for me and uncomfortable, too. But master was so careful and gentle, I could do nothing but my very best, even when it came to being shod for the first time and harnessed. It took several weeks for all this, but finally, early in May, a man came from Squire Gordon's to take me to the Hall.

I was fortunate in my new home; no horse could have found a better one. I was well groomed, well fed, and never overworked. It was here that I met Merrylegs, a fat, little, gray pony who grew to be a very dear friend in all the years we were at Squire Gordon's estate. Merrylegs told me of Ginger.

Ginger was a tall chestnut mare, who seemed exceedingly ill-tempered. She had gotten into trouble because she had once or twice attempted to snap and bite her groom. She had come to the new home but a little while before me.



GINGER AND I GREW VERY FRIENDLY

"Ginger would be all right," Merrylegs went on, "but she has never had anyone who was kind to her, she says; so why should she not bite and snap at her tormentors? But John is doing all he can to please her, and so does James. Our master never uses a whip if a horse acts right, so perhaps Ginger will forget her ill-temper."

Ginger and I grew very friendly after a little while, when she found that I could be trusted. The kind treatment by her new masters had its effect; she responded to it, and became quite mild and obedient. Kind treatment always brings results.

* * * * *

The name of the coachman was John Manly, and a finer man than he never was.

The very first day the Squire came down to the yard where John was giving me a good grooming.

"John," he said, "better try the new horse this morning and let me know how he acts."

"I will, sir," John replied. He was very careful to fit me with a bridle and then to find the right saddle for me. He rode me slowly at first, then at a trot, then at a canter. Then a light touch with his whip and we had a splendid gallop. He rode me perfectly.

On our way back we met the master.

"Well, John, how does he go?"

"First-rate, sir," was the reply. "He is as fleet as a deer, has a fine spirit; yet the lightest touch of the rein will guide him."

"I shall try him myself to-morrow," the master replied, much pleased.



I was very careful to do just what was wanted when my master rode me the next morning. I found him a good rider and thoughtful of his horse, too. When he came home, the lady was at the hall door as he rode up.

"Well, my dear," she said, "how do you like him?"

"He is exactly what John said," he replied, "a pleasanter creature I never wish to mount. What shall we call him?"

The mistress suggested Ebony, then Blackbird, but neither were satisfactory. Then she exclaimed:

"What do you say to calling him—"Black Beauty?"

Well, that became my name.

I was quite happy in my new place. Ginger and Merrylegs were fine companions. I had a light, airy stable and the best of food. I was absolutely devoted to John as well as to James, who was John's helper. A kinder master and mistress than the Squire and his wife, there could not be. I was quite happy. There was, however, a slight misgiving. I did miss my liberty.

Straps here and straps there, a bit in my mouth, and blinkers over my eyes. I did have a great desire for the open fields where I was born and where I could romp about—free.

* * * * *

There was one day late in the autumn when my master had a long journey to go, on business. I was put into the dog-cart, and John went with master.

There had been a great deal of rain; the river had been rising. The man at the gate of the bridge said that it would be a bad night; the river was rising quite rapidly.

The master's business took him longer than he had expected, so that it was quite late when we started on our return. The wind was much higher by now; the rain came down in great gusts.

A falling tree at one point caused us to turn and go back, losing six miles. Too, it was necessary for us to cross a wooden bridge. Back we went. It was quite dark now. We were going along at a good pace, but the moment my feet touched the wooden bridge, I felt sure that something was wrong. I dared not go forward, and I made a dead stop. My master urged me forward, even cutting me sharply with the whip when I still refused.

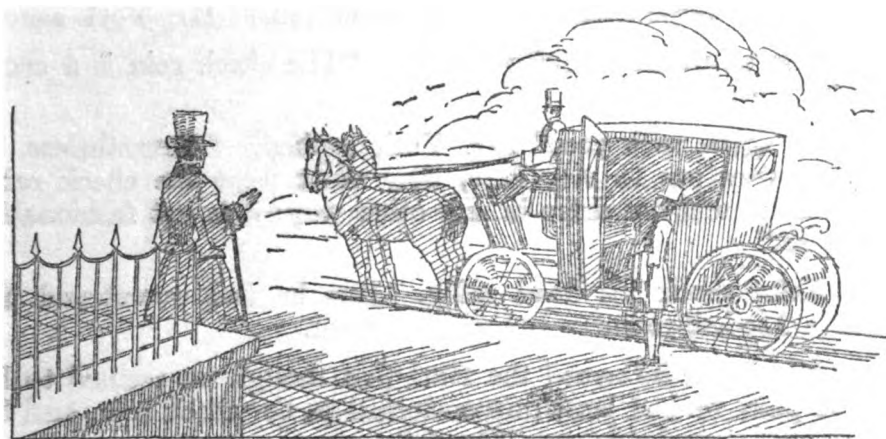
"There's something wrong, sir," said wise John, and he sprang from the cart. He tried to lead me forward. But I would not budge.

Just then the man at the toll-gate on the other side ran out of the house tossing a torch about like mad.

"Halloo! Stop!" he shouted wildly. "The bridge is broken in the middle and part of it has been carried away."

"Thank God!" said my master. "You Beauty, you wonderful horse." While John patted and hugged me.

The mistress was greatly worried when we finally arrived at home. But the master reassured her; then he told her the story of what had happened.



There came a day when the mistress, who had been ailing for more than a year, was ordered to other climes. Squire Gordon decided to dispose of his belongings and go with her. That meant the end of our very happy home, for Merrylegs was to go to the Vicar, Ginger and I to the Earl of W—.

John decided to stay in the locality to take a position with a horse trainer.

John drove the squire and his wife to the station. It was a very sad parting; the mistress and the master were disheartened at leaving the old homestead and every one in it. As they rode away, they left a very unhappy trio—John, Ginger, and myself.

A few days later John drove us to Earls Hall Park, where the Earl of W— lived. The old master had been promised that we would be treated well; in fact he had picked this particular place because he knew how fine a man the Earl was. John left us, although the parting was hard for both him and ourselves.

He had explained to Mr. York, who was in charge, that in getting us he was obtaining a pair of the finest horses; he explained how Ginger improved under good treatment, and that I had never been treated any other way.

"Have these horses worn the check rein?" Mr. York asked.

"Certainly not," John replied. "The check rein is a cruel contrivance."

"I agree with you," Mr. York replied. "Nevertheless, if these horses are to stay here, they must wear the check rein. The ladies will not drive in any other way; it is not fashionable to do so."

John shook his head sadly. But he had overstayed his time. He had to hurry to make his train.

Mr. York informed the Earl that though we seemed to be a fine pair, we had been unaccustomed to the check rein, and he advised that we be driven without it.

"Of course, of course," the Earl replied. But alack and alas, he gave us no further thought. When Mr. York brought us out for the ladies, he put an easy check rein upon us. But my lady imperiously ordered that our heads be drawn up high and would not listen to Mr. York's explanations.

That was the beginning of my downward period.

Life at Earls Hall was arduous and disheartening. The horses were given no consideration. Ginger, whose bad temper returned as the check rein was drawn tighter and tighter, made a violent outbreak and was never put into a carriage again.

* * * * *

A very serious thing happened to me when Reuben Smith was left in charge of the stables, upon Mr. York's going to London with the family. No one understood horses better than Reuben Smith; no one was more careful and thorough than he. But Smith's great failing was drink; when drunk he was a changed man, a cruel and reckless one.

Reuben Smith decided to drive me to town one day. On the way in, a nail in one of my front shoes had started. We arrived in town at five. Smith expected to stay in town until six. But



then he met some friends, and he came back to say he would not leave until a little later.

The man, noticing the nail, asked if he should have the shoe attended to. "No," Smith replied in a loud voice, "that will hold until we return."

It seemed strange to me that Smith, who was always so considerate, should say this. As a matter of fact, he had been drinking and hurried back to his friends. He did not return until it was nine o'clock.

He was a changed man. He at once began at a gallop, giving me frequent sharp cuts with his whip. The road was stony. My shoe became loose; then came off.

My shoeless foot suffered dreadfully; the hoof was split down to the very quick. No horse could continue at the mad pace Smith was driving. I stumbled and fell with violence upon both my knees. Smith was thrown by the fall, thrown so badly that he was instantly killed.

Near midnight some one came for us. Smith was removed, and I was lead quite painfully the rest of the way home.

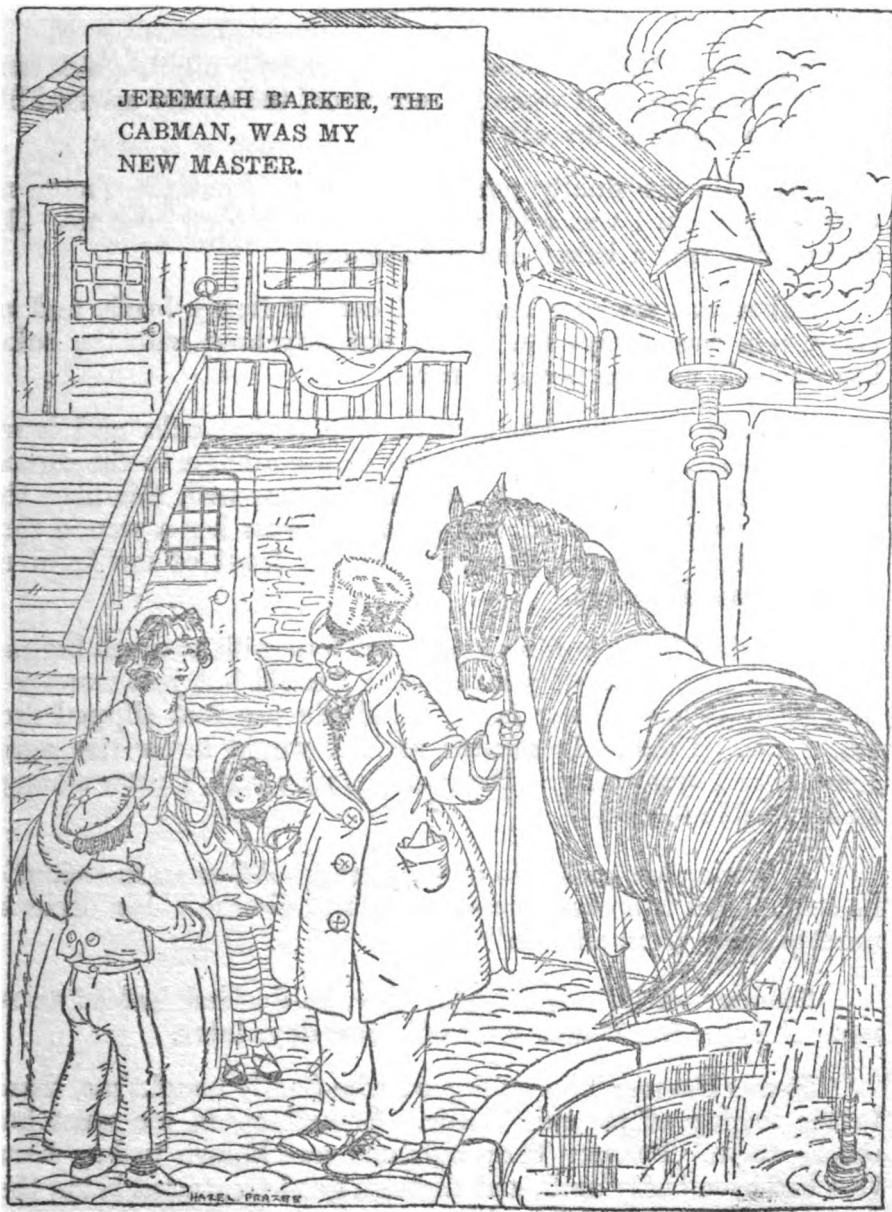
My hoof never fully healed, and my knees were in such shape that I could not be kept in Earlshall. I was sold as a job horse, which meant that I was hired out to drivers who needed a carriage or cart, on occasions, either for business or pleasure.

It was a changed life. The poor horses, driven by unskilled, careless, and indifferent drivers, have a hard life indeed. I was lamed by one of these drivers, who drove me for a number of miles with a stone in my foot.

There were good drivers, too, and one of these took a fancy to me and bought me. I might have fared quite well with this new master but that he engaged a man by the name of Filcher for my groom. Filcher was a thief. The money he was given to buy my food was amply sufficient, but I got very little to eat. My master caught him soon enough. He hired another groom. This man was careless and lazy, and he kept the stables in filthy condition. When my master discharged him, he was quite disgusted with his experience, and he decided to sell me.

Jeremiah Barker, the cabman, was my new master. A kind man, he knew horses, he kept them well, and he fed them as well as he was able. My stay with the Barkers was a pleasant one, but life as a cab horse is no sinecure for either horse or man. Yet with Jeremiah Barker, life was almost happy again. There were many experiences, as you can well suppose.

JEREMIAH BARKER, THE
CABMAN, WAS MY
NEW MASTER.



But Jerry Barker came in after a stormy night, a sick man. It was a bad case, and when he recovered, the doctor advised him not to go back to the cab business.

Mrs. Barker finally persuaded him to do as the doctor advised. So again I was sold; a new home was found for me. My new master was a baker and corn dealer.

Jakes was my new driver. I carried heavy loads, and my check rein was always up. I did not stay long with the baker, but was sold to a large cab owner.

Skinner was the cab owner. He rented cabs and horses to cab drivers, and it was his policy to use a horse to the utmost, then to get rid of him. It was while I was with this man that I came across Ginger. I was to come across her a second time, a little later, when she dropped dead in front of me from exhaustion and ill usage.

One day I was pulling a party of four with so much luggage (they had just come off a train) that I could but just manage it. My strength was going fast. Suddenly my feet slipped from under me. I fell. It seemed as if I would never rise again. I was sure I was dying. However, after a rest, I grew stronger and was able to rise.

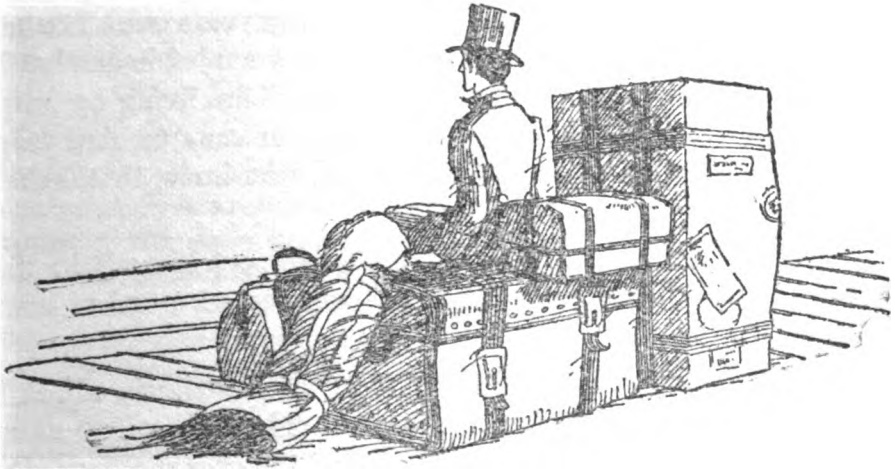
A farrier was called to examine me. 'After an examination he said, "This is a case of overwork, not disease. He needs six months away from all this."

Skinner would not consider this; he decided instead to sell me. A horse fair was to come off a few days later.

It was Farmer Thoroughgood who finally bought me, thanks to the urging of his son Willie. Something in me must have drawn them. Farmer Thoroughgood was known to buy horses that had been badly used, and through good treatment bring them back partly. On his farm I improved steadily. One day I was taken to the home of Miss Bloomfield, who wanted a horse.

Miss Bloomfield liked me at once. In fact, I was a greatly improved horse, although still a wreck of my former self. She wanted a gentle horse for herself and sister.

It was a wonderful home for me, restful and satisfying. Here, too, through chance, Joe Green, who had helped at Squire Gorden's stable, was the groom. And here I have been all this time, giving satisfaction, and perfectly happy and contented.



A DOG OF FLANDERS

CHAPTER I.

Three miles from Antwerp, which is in Belgium, stands a little village of twenty or more huts and houses. Situated in the flat land of that region, a great canal with alders and poplars runs near by. The country is low; pasture land and corn are all about.

Near the old windmill, is a hut, a little smaller, shabbier than all the rest. Here lived old Jean Daas, eighty years old. He had been a soldier in many of the wars, had been wounded in one battle so that he was quite lame. He made a very bare living by limping with a small cart which carried milk in cans to Antwerp, sent by neighbors who owned cattle, and who knew that Jehan was a man who could be trusted.

It was difficult for the old man to support himself in this way, but never did he grumble, never was there a word of complaint.

About this time, his daughter died in the Ardennes, which is near Stavelot. She left him a two year old child, a son, as an extra legacy and burden. Jehan accepted the charge cheerfully.

Nicholas, nicknamed Nello, soon became an object of adoration and love for the old soldier. The child, despite the scarcity of food, the wretchedness of winters spent in the freezing, wind-swept hut, grew up strong and healthy. Hunger had become quite a habit, otherwise he was content and happy.

CHAPTER II.

Patrasche was the dog's name. He was a dog of Flanders. He came from a race that had slaved and toiled for the people of Flanders, pulling and dragging heavy carts, spending countless hours in harness. Such work had developed a marked race of dogs with wolf-like, erect ears, large heads and limbs, yellow hides, and feet that had widened and been bent in toiling over the flints of many streets.

Before Patrasche was thirteen months old, he was sold to a hardware dealer, who traveled far and wide. He was a drunkard and a brute. He heaped his cart with heavy pots, pans, buckets, flagons, and other things of the same nature. Sullen, cruel, he paid small attention to the weight of the load; Patrasche *had* to pull it. When the willing dog found the load too heavy, a whip urged him on.

Only a strong dog, one from an iron race, could survive through such a wretched existence. But even he could not bear up under the daily agony. After two years of this, on a day that held the full heat and dust of a summer day, he succumbed. The hardware dealer tried to raise the dog with both boot and whip, but Patrasche never moved. He seemed past help or urging. It was a question of time, so it seemed, when he would die.

The man, with one final kick, cursing his lot and the dog for having failed him, pushed the cart on its way. After all, the dog was about to die; he was worthless, so why spend further time upon him. There was never a thought of the dog's labor and service; there could be no further service or labor, so the man went on his way, already planning how to obtain another dog to do the work.

Poor Patrasche! He seemed but a few moments from death's door. As he lay there, Jehan and Nello, on their way to Antwerp, spied him. The kindly old man, the youngster with

wide, troubled eyes at his side, gave pitiful, kindly aid to the dog. When Patrasche recovered somewhat, the old man and the child guided him gently to their hut, which fortunately was near at hand.



CHAPTER III.

Care and attention was tendered the sick dog. Patrasche could not understand. He had never received aught but blows and hardships; here was a new experience. He was not overfed, for food was scarce; yet it was more than he had ever received before. The love of Nello, the kindness of Jehan opened another world for him. As he grew well, there sprang a wonderful devotion, a surpassing love for the old man and his grandson.

Jehan Daas continued his daily toil of delivering milk to the distant city for the local farmers. But he was growing weaker as the years advanced. It was becoming a greater, harder task. Patrasche, as he grew well, watched the beloved master, trying hard to understand. With the first day of real strength, he dragged himself to the cart. Jehan tried to push him away, tried to make him understand that it was not expected of him. But Patrasche doggedly held his ground; he would not move. Finally, old Jehan harnessed him. Off trotted the dog, happy in the fact that he could be of service. For Jehan, it was a great change; it made his duties so light as to be almost a pleasure.

The days were quite pleasant for the three. The dog and the boy were inseparable, except for the time Patrasche drew the cart. As Jehan's days advanced, old age could not be denied any longer. Nello, who had learned the route thoroughly, took over the duties and delivered the milk almost as satisfactorily as the old man. Jehan took to his bed; rheumatism and ailments kept him there.

Patrasche was joyous in the new life. Only one thing bothered him. Nello would leave him at times, at a certain place in Antwerp. Here there were some wonderful paintings of Rubens, the great painter, and these Nello loved to watch in absorbed interest. The boy loved all art, even at this early age of twelve. He loved to sketch. Without any idea of the rudiments of art, he would draw distinctive, outstanding figures that signified signs of genius.

It worried Patrasche. He could not accompany Nello, for a watchful attendant would not allow the dog to follow his young master, and so he did not know what kept Nello from him. One day, however, the dog managed to evade the attendant and came upon Nello in worshipping adoration of the paintings.

* * * * *

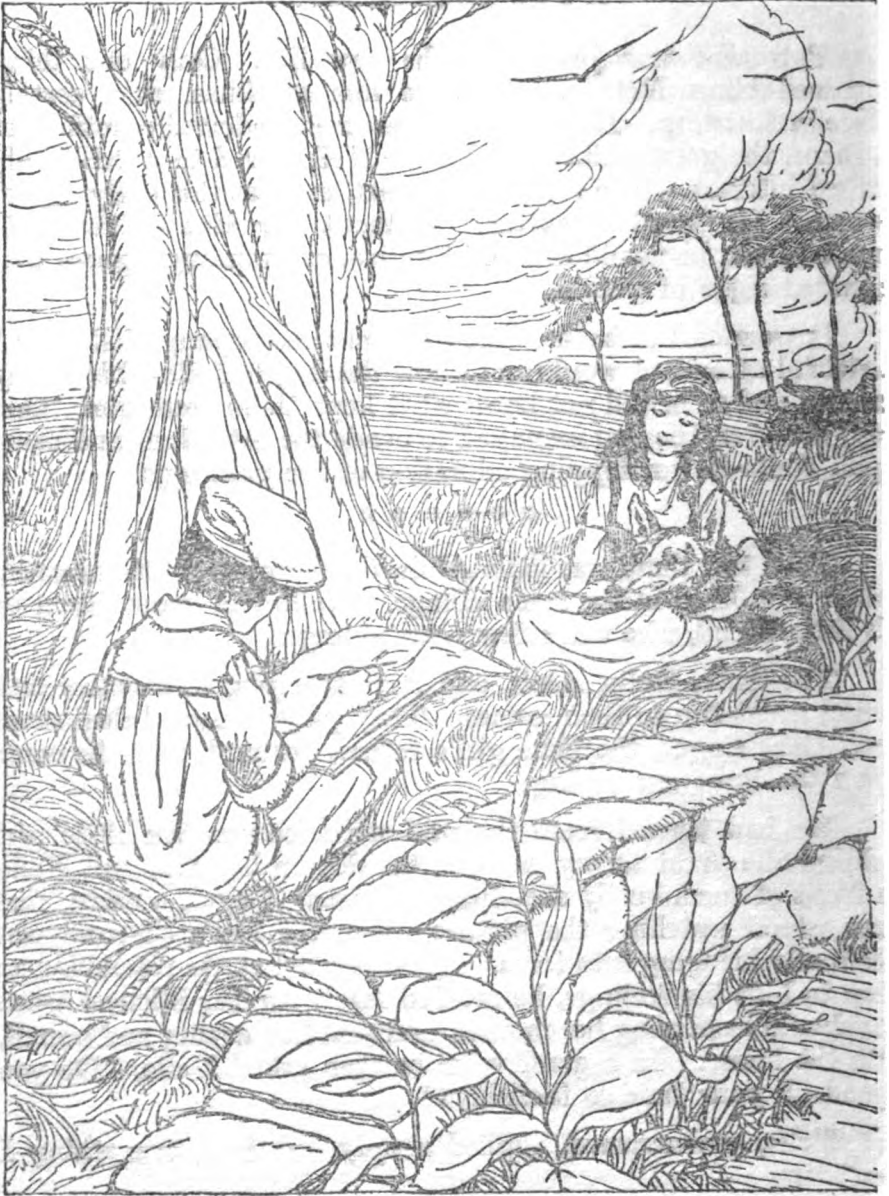
Then too, there was little Alois, the daughter of the wealthy miller who lived in the same village. Nello had grown fond of his little friend, who was a few years younger.

The three, Nello, Alois, and Patrasche played together and found great fun in their games. They played a good deal more than Baas Cogeze, the little girl's father, realized, until he came upon the three one spring.

He had turned from the mill when he saw the little girl holding the great tawny head of the dog in her lap, and Nello in front of them busily sketching the pair. Cogeze, a stern, just man, stood watching the picture which the boy's charcoal was gradually bringing into form. He marveled at the resemblance; then to hide his feelings, he scolded Alois for her idleness when she should be helping her mother, and sent her, crying and scared, into the house. In a gruff voice he then asked Nello, "Do you spend all your time so foolishly?"

Nello, embarrassed, replied simply, "I draw everything I see."

The miller made no reply. He took the completed picture and offered the boy a franc in payment.



NELLO WAS BUSILY SKETCHING THE PAIR

Nello hesitated; then putting his hands behind his back, said, "I would rather you kept the money and the picture, too. You have been so good to me, I could not take it."

He turned and left the miller, whose slow mind was greatly troubled.

"The lad must not see too much of 'Alois,'" he thought. He spoke sternly to his wife a little later and commanded that she keep the children apart.

So the little girl was watched, and Nello soon noted that it was not so easy to see her. He was a proud lad of fifteen, and realizing that he was not wanted, he held himself aloof. Often, he and Patrasche would pass the door of the miller's house. The dog would try to stop, but his young master would urge him on gently but firmly.

Old Jehan, who had passed his ninety-third year, had grown steadily weaker. Death was but a little further ahead. He met it smilingly one night, as he slept. The morning found him serene and smiling, already on his long voyage. It was a great loss to Nello and the dog.

CHAPTER IV.

There came word that a prize was to be offered for the best drawing submitted by the youths of Antwerp and vicinity. Nello, eager for the chance, eager to advance in that art which he loved, labored and worked incessantly, until on a certain day, his drawing was done, and he brought it into Antwerp and left it. The dog seemed to sense the importance of the action; he walked at his master's side, with an occasional upward glance of understanding.

"Perhaps it is worth nothing at all. How can I tell?" the boy thought with great misgiving. But he knew it was the best

in him, and he was heartened in the knowledge that this was so. Now to wait until that important day when the result would be announced.

Patrasche, too, had now grown quite old. Nello would try to give the dog a deserved rest. He urged gently that Patrasche needed it, but the dog was so evidently unhappy in not being allowed to share in the work, that Nello harnessed him again. But no longer did the old dog draw the burden easily. His watchful master made the going lighter by pushing the cart when it was rough or uphill.

One night there was a fire at the mill. Nello, awakened with the others, ran to help. The miller, although fully insured, was in a great fury. He came across Nello. The sight of the boy angered him. He accused him of starting the fire. It was a ridiculous charge. The miller realized it later, but he was too proud to recall it. Although nothing was done about it, the neighbors, who were anxious for the good will of the rich miller, took it up. Nello found that there was no longer any milk for him to convey to town, no longer a chance for livelihood.

Without money, even the miserable hut, for which he could not longer pay rent, was taken from him. But the boy bore up bravely another day or two, when the results of the examination of the drawings would be announced.

"It may be, Patrasche. Our drawing may be the winner," Nello confided his hopes.

CHAPTER V.

On the day before Christmas, it was announced that the decision would be given that day. Nello and the dog made their hopeful way into the city. There were hundreds of youths assembled, each hopeful in the same way as was Nello. The judges came out. There was a long impressive speech; then the winner's name was announced. It was another; Nello was not the successful one.

The boy was greatly disheartened. What should he do? Where should he go? He had no home now. For want of a better thing to do, he turned again to the village. The dog, equally miserable, stayed close to him, longing to comfort, miserable because his master was so.

There was a great hunger in him; the dog was equally hungry. Nello stopped at a farm on the way. "Will you give me a crust for my dog?" he asked. He had less thought of his own hunger than that of Patrasche's.

The woman stood uncertain for a moment, then closed the door in his face.

Again on their way. Suddenly, Patrasche whined, then followed a scent. There was a large purse before him. Examination proved that it belonged to Baas Cogez. There were papers inside, and notes for over two thousand francs.

The boy made his way swiftly to the home of the miller. He knocked loudly at the door, and when his knock was answered and he entered, he found a very dejected household. They explained the loss, that the miller was out in fruitless search.

"Here it is," said Nello proudly. "It was Patrasche who found it. Tell Baas Cogez to reward him by keeping him, it is little reward to ask food and shelter for him."

"But what are you going to do?" the miller's wife, who had always been fond of the boy, asked. While little Alois clung to him and would not let him go.

"I must go on. I beg you to hold Patrasche until the door closes behind me. Otherwise, he will follow."

Nor would he have it otherwise, despite their beseeching. He was anxious for a home for the dog; he had no thought for himself. So while they held Patrasche, he opened the door and swiftly closed it behind him. He could hear the dog's plunge at the closing door, eager to follow.

CHAPTER VI.

The miller came home greatly disheartened. The wallet had contained most of his fortune. Imagine his happiness to find that the money and papers were there. He listened to the story.

"A fine lad," he said heartily. "Let us feed the dog, and in the morning we shall have the boy over here. I have been very wrong."

The dog, however, would not be fed. He whined and threw himself at the door repeatedly. Hungry as he was, he refused all food. He watched the door constantly, eagerly. And when a careless neighbor opened it, he was out like a streak.

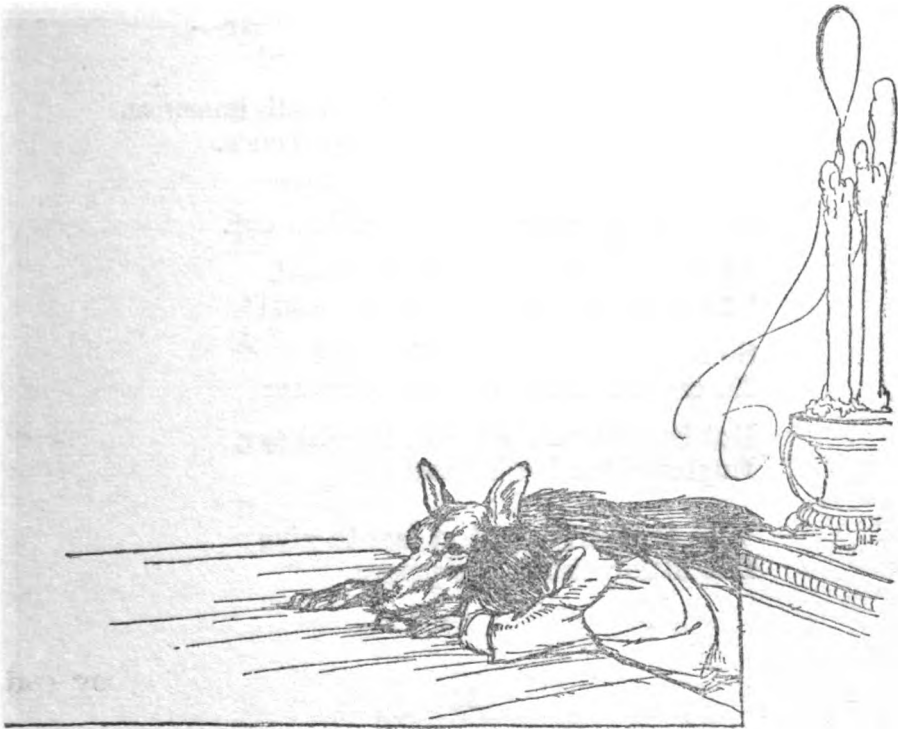
He took up the beloved scent at once and followed swiftly. He lost it again and again, only to find it once more. It led him to the sanctuary where Ruben's great paintings had been hanging, where Rubens, the immortal painter, was buried.

The boy was there, rapt in the study of the paintings. Hungry, freezing, unhappy, the paintings comforted him. Patrasche whined joyously when he found him.

Morning came. An attendant found the two, the boy and the dog, huddled close together, dead.

In the little village, word came to the miller that the boy and the dog were dead. He hurried to Antwerp. 'A' sad, stricken man, for he realized that he had been harsh, unjust. And that same day, a great painter came to the village seeking the boy. Another examination of the drawings had disclosed the greatness of the boy's work, and this man had come to take the boy and to teach him.

Too late, however.



THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A lion with the heat oppress'd,
One day composed himself to rest
But whilst he dozed, as he intended,
A mouse his royal back ascended;
No thought of harm, as Aesop tells,
Mistaking him for someone else;
And travell'd over him, and round him,
And might have left him as he found him
Had he not—tremble when you hear—
Tried to explore the monarch's ear!
Who straightway woke, with wrath immense,
And shook his head to cast him thence.
"You rascal, what are you about?"
Said he, when he had turned him out.
"I'll teach you soon," the lion said,
"To make a mouse-hole in my head!"
So saying, he prepared his foot
To crush the trembling tiny brute;
But he (the mouse) with tearful eye,
Implored the lion's clemency,
Who thought it best at last to give
His little pris'ner a reprieve.

'Twas nearly twelve months after this,
The lion chanced his way to miss;

When pressing forward, heedless yet,
He got entangled in a net.

With dreadful rage, he stamped and tore,
And straight commenced a lordly roar;

When the poor mouse, who heard the noise,
'Attended, for she knew his voice.

Then what the lion's utmost strength
Could not effect, she did at length.

With patient labour she applied
Her teeth, the network to divide.

'And so at last forth issued he,
'A lion, by a mouse set free.

Few are so small or weak, I guess,
But may assist us in distress,

Nor shall we ever, if we're wise,
The meanest or the least despise.



Mr. Camel was feeling pretty good

MR. CAMEL WAS FEELING PRETTY GOOD

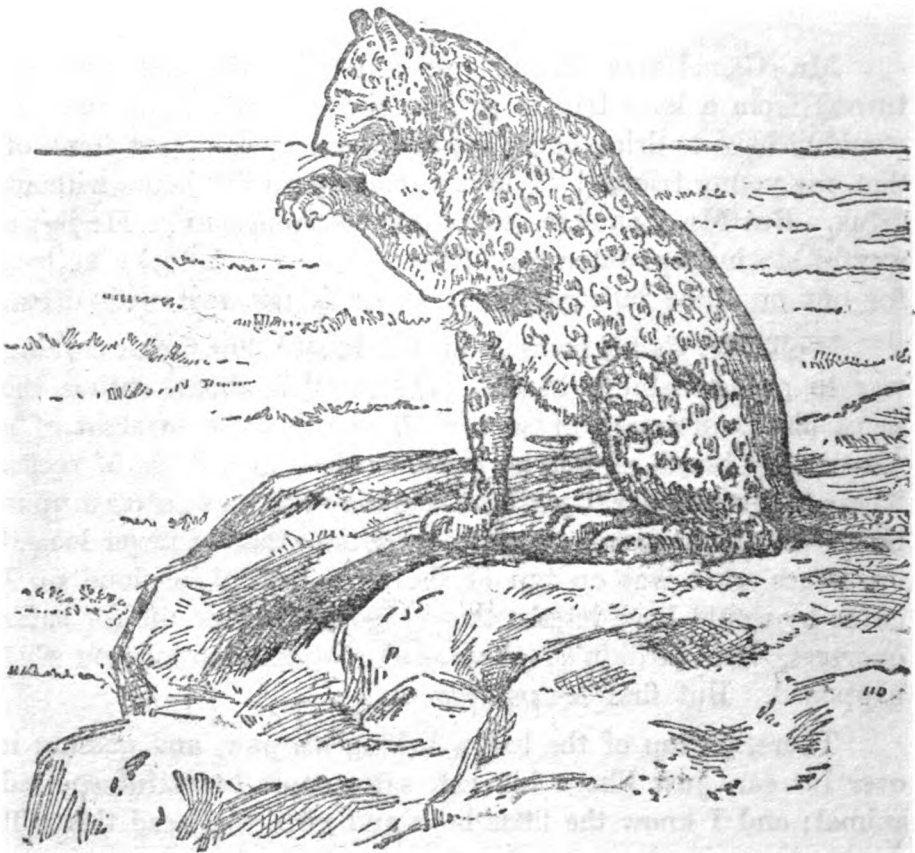
THE CAMEL'S SUDDEN CHANGE

Mr. Camel was feeling pretty good. He had just returned from a long trip to get a drink of water, and now he wouldn't have to drink again for at least a week. Just think of that, my young friends! You can scarcely go five hours without drink. But Mr. Camel is quite different from you. He has a way of storing up water for future use; and it is lucky he has, for out on these burning sands water is not met with often.

Well, Mr. Camel had had his drink, and now the next thing was to get something to eat. He strolled about, eating the scant blades of tough grass, and at length came in sight of a nice thorny bunch of thistles growing close to a ledge of rocks. These just suited Mr. Camel, and he began to make a feast upon them. So intent was he in this occupation, that he never looked up to see what was on top of the rocks. Had he done so, I guess he would have let the thistles go, and made off for safer quarters. But he didn't look up, so I shall have to tell you what happened. But first let us look up.

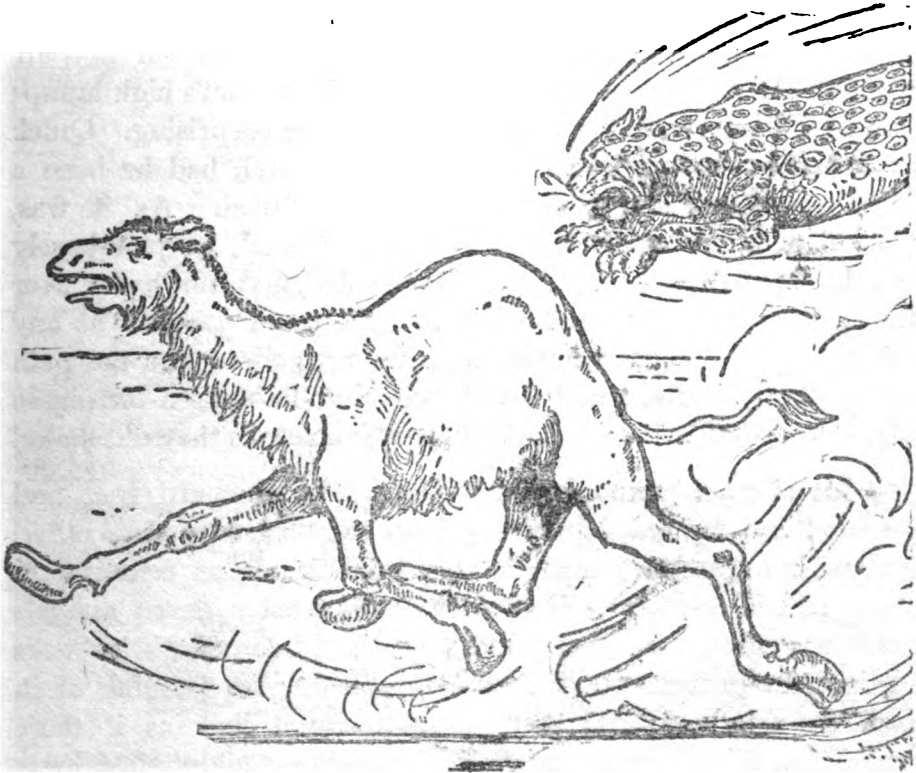
There, on top of the ledge, licking his paw, and passing it over his ear, just like a big cat, sat a most beautiful spotted animal; and I know the little boys and girls who read this will

say at once, "It's a leopard." Yes, that's just what it was, and a hungry leopard, too; for he had been unable to breakfast that morning, as game was scarce. So he sat on the top of the ledge, just waiting for something to come along that would serve



ON TOP OF THE ROCK

him for a meal; and, when Mr. Camel came walking straight toward him, he was pleased enough. Of course the camel was rather large for Mr. Leopard to attack; but he was hungry, and that made him rather reckless.



HE LAUNCHED HIMSELF THROUGH THE AIR

So, as Mr. Camel came near, Mr. Leopard crouched low and made ready for a spring, his spotted tail switching from side to side. He thought what a grand feast he and Mrs. Leopard would have, and how together they would drag Mr. Camel round to the back of the ledge, where their cave was, and where four little leopard kittens rolled and played all day long. In fact, Mr. Leopard had quite a day-dream, and built a fine castle in the air while Mr. Camel was slowly coming nearer and nearer all the time. At last Mr. Camel was close at hand and was beginning to eat the thistle.

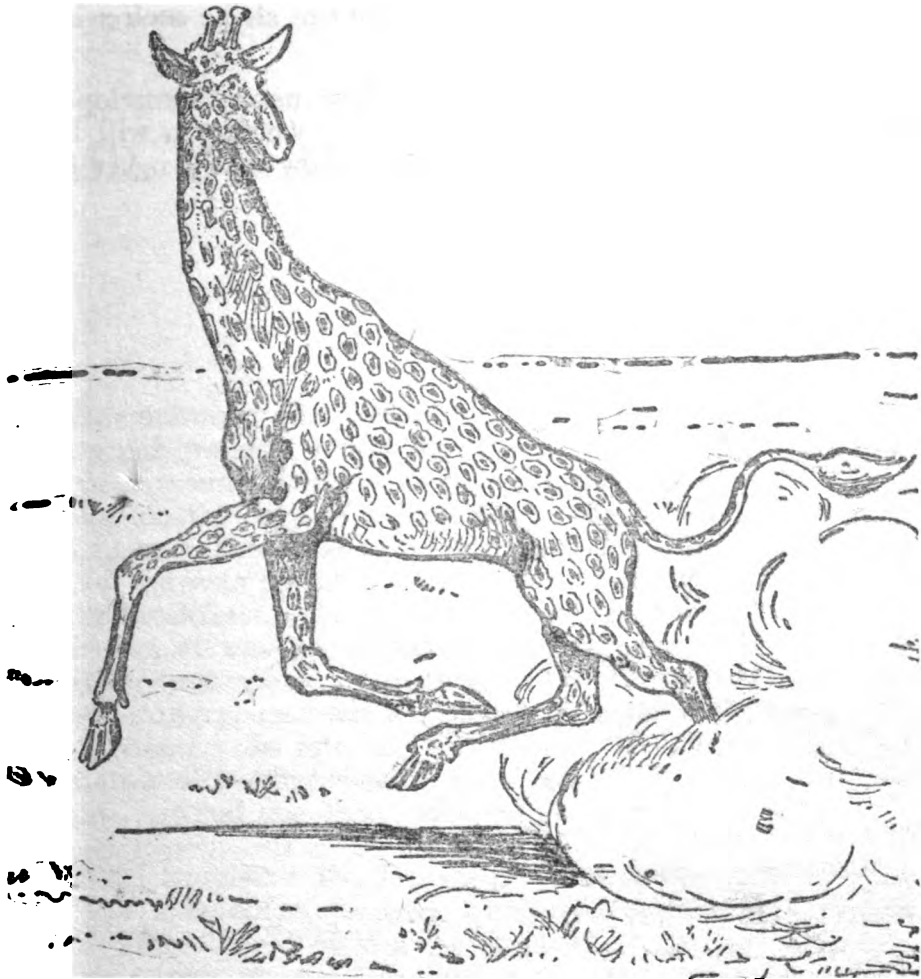
Now was Mr. Leopard's chance. He launched himself through the air like a streak, straight at Mr. Camel's high hump; but, Mr. Camel moved with a speed that was surprising. Quick as a flash, old Camel turned and was off; and, had he been a second quicker, Mr. Camel would have failed. As it was, instead of landing on the hump of Mr. Camel, he just barely caught on his thigh, while Mr. Camel dragged him away over the sand at a swift pace, hoping that he would drop off at any minute. Mr. Leopard hung on, however, and at last the pain of his claws, and the fact that he couldn't be shaken off, made Mr. Camel decide to fight, and then such a row as they did make!

Mr. Camel grunted and puffed. Mr. Leopard spat and growled and yowled, while they both tumbled over each other, and whizzed around, until they saw all kinds of comets and stars, and it seemed as if there were at least a dozen animals there instead of two; and the way they bumped their backs against the ground would make yours ache just to think of it, and the cloud of dust they raised made it look as if there was a fire mixed up in the fight. But this couldn't last long. The dust began to settle, and out of it stepped as sleek and dapper an animal as one could wish to see. He had Mr. Camel's

long neck; but it had been straightened out and raised proudly aloft; while the head had been changed slightly, and was crowned with two small horns, the hump of Mr. Camel had disappeared, and, instead, was a smooth, rounded body, which sloped sharply down from the high shoulders to the hind-legs; instead of the camel's hair, he was covered with a satin-like glossy coat, marked with the beautiful spots of Mr. Leopard. In fact, his name henceforth was both Camel and Leopard, and ever since then he has been called camelopard; but I suppose most of my young friends know him by his other name of "giraffe," and have seen him alive in the circus or zoological gardens, and I am quite sure you can tell where he lives. What? Yes, Africa is right. But I wonder if you know that he is the tallest animal in the world? Well, he is, and has been known to hold his head twenty feet above the ground—a pretty high-headed old fellow, you are thinking. But not all of them are so tall. The most of his tribe measure from fifteen to eighteen feet in height.

He seldom eats anything from the ground, most of his food being the leaves of trees, which he easily reaches, his tongue being long and slender, enabling him to twist it around the foliage, and pull it into his mouth. His eyes are set in his head in such a way that he can see all around without turning it in the least, so that you can easily see it is very hard to get close to him, and the hunter who succeeds in killing or capturing one must be very skillful and cautious. Sometimes he is hunted on horseback; and, although he is not a graceful runner, he gets over the ground at a rapid pace. If he is not caught in the first five minutes, it is useless to try any longer, as he will then distance almost any horse.

Many people think that the giraffe's fore-legs are longer than his hind-legs. But this is not so. In fact, it is just the other way. But the peculiar slope of his body gives him that look. Although the giraffe is such a queer-looking animal, he is very gentle and harmless, unless driven to fight for his life. Then indeed he proves to be a dangerous foe, as he kicks with his hind-legs, and strikes with his fore-feet; and so powerful is he



that one blow would instantly kill a man. In fact, he often beats off the lion, and it is seldom that the "king of beasts" will attack him in the open, but waits by some pool, and springs upon our long-necked friend while he is drinking. Then, of course, the struggle is short, as he is unable to protect himself

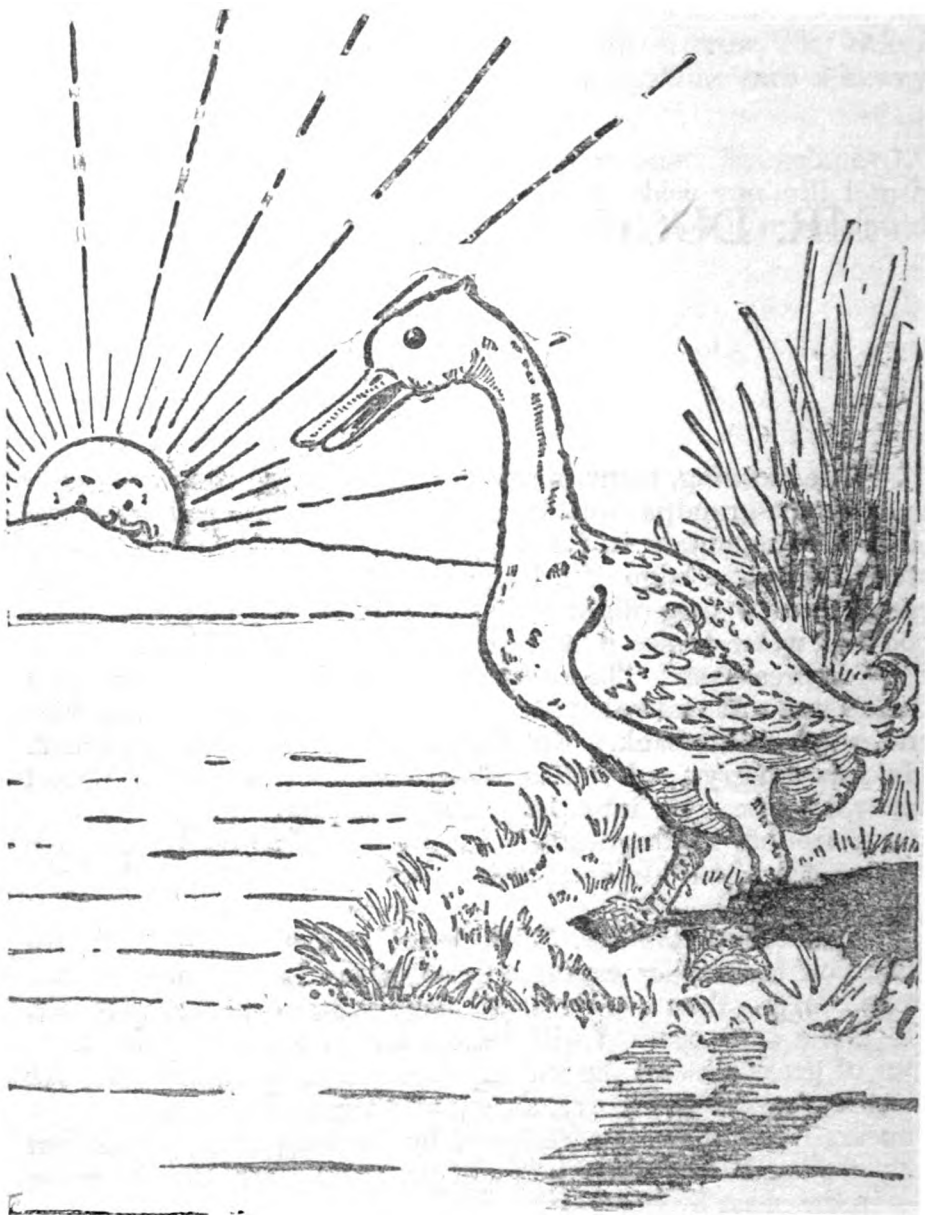
with kicks from his strong legs, the bones of which are solid instead of having a hollow inside filled with marrow, like other animals, which is perhaps the reason he can strike such a heavy blow.

Now we will leave our friend, whose name, "camelopard," gave the idea for the funny drawings, at which you will laugh more now since, like a fairy story, you know that it never could have happened.

MR. DUCK AND MR. BEAVER

One morning, many, many years ago, long before even your great-great-grandpa was born, the old sun peeped over the edge of a mountain in far-away Australia and saw Mr. Duck standing on the edge of a large lake. Mr. Duck had just arrived from a long flight and had settled down by this clear body of water to see if it were a good place for him to find a fish for breakfast. The reeds rustled in the gentle breeze, and the air was soft and balmy, the sky was clear, and the grass thick and green on the bank. But these had no charm for Mr. Duck. He was hungry, and felt as though he could eat a ten-pound fish with ease. So into the water went Mr. Duck, where he swam around, looking sharply for a fish. He would even have eaten a frog had one been rash enough to cross his path.

But let us leave Mr. Duck for a little while, until I introduce you to another character who holds quite a part in this story. More than a mile away from where we first saw Mr. Duck is a bank covered with bushes and trees, except one little spot of grass close to the water. There is nothing in sight; yet there is a rustling of leaves, a snap of a twig, when a round head appears from the bushes, followed by the body of a gray-brown animal; and I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Beaver, as he sits in the grass by the lake.



MR. DUCK HAD JUST ARRIVED FROM A LONG FLIGHT

Mr. Beaver had also traveled quite a distance, and he was glad to see the sparkling water as it danced in the sunlight. He was tired with his long tramp through the woods, and promptly entered the water for a swim; and, without knowing it, he turned just the right way to meet Mr. Duck. As he swam, every now and again he would dive to the bottom of the lake, and swim a long way under water, his strong webbed feet pushing him along at a good speed, and his flat tail serving him as a rudder with which to steer, and all the time he was getting nearer and nearer to Mr. Duck.

Now let us go back and see Mr. Duck, and find out what he is doing. We won't have to go very far, as both of them are separated by only a short distance. Mr. Duck is swimming this way and that, but all the time going toward Mr. Beaver. Suddenly he saw a small fish, and a lively chase followed; but the little fish escaped under a log in the bottom of the lake, and Mr. Duck gave it up, the chase after him to such depths being too hard. He was beginning to get discouraged about finding anything to eat in this lake, when suddenly he saw what he thought was the fin of a large trout coming toward him. I guess my young friends can see by the picture that it was no fish which was seen by Mr. Duck, but the tail of Mr. Beaver as he swam below the surface, letting his tail bob above the water every now and then. Mr. Duck would have seen it also if the sun had not made such a glare upon the water as to prevent him from seeing clearly below. However, he quickly swam up and snapped his strong bill tightly on Mr. Beaver's tail, and hung there like a bull-dog. Mr. Beaver quickly thrust his head above water, and, seeing Mr. Duck hanging to his tail, at once in self-defence caught Mr. Duck also by the tail. The old sun was quite alarmed by this time, and covered his face with a cloud, which looked for all the world like land.



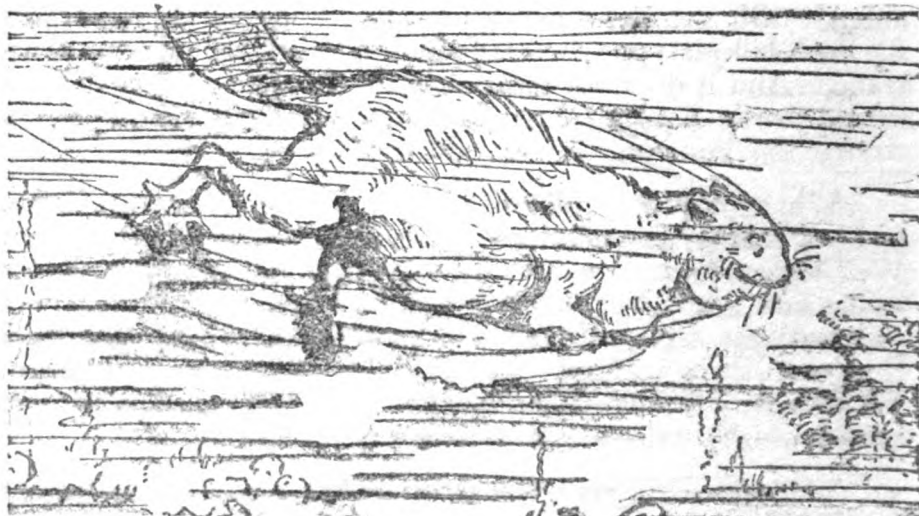
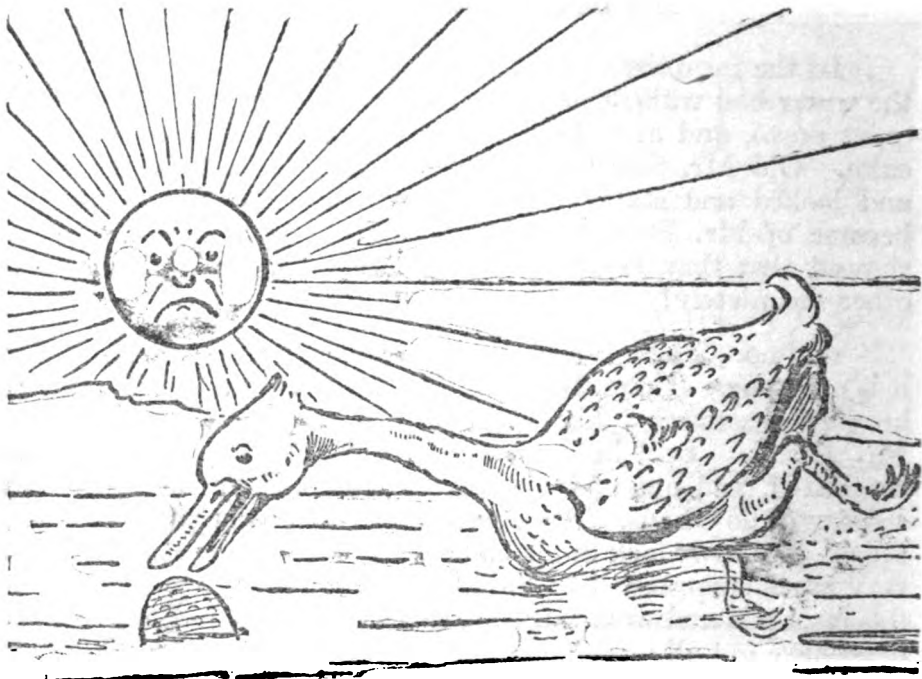
MR. BEAVER WAS GLAD TO SEE THE WATER

In the meantime Mr. Duck and Mr. Beaver were making the water boil with their struggle; but little by little it began to quiet down, and at last all was still, even the water becoming calm. Old Mr. Sun took his cloud-hand away from his face, and looked and stared. He was puzzled indeed. What had become of Mr. Duck and Mr. Beaver? A few feathers only showed that they had ever been there. Had they eaten each other completely?

Ah! no. There is a head bobbing on the surface now. But it is only one. There should be two. And—well, what a queer head it is, somewhat like Mr. Beaver's. But the mouth is like Mr. Duck's. See! he is making for the shore. Now he has reached it, and out of the water he comes. We now see what a funny fellow he is. We almost expect him to quack, like Mr. Duck. Then we look at his body covered with fur, and would be very much surprised if he did quack. What are we to make of this most odd and wonderful animal? Mr. Duck and Mr. Beaver must have got all mixed up in their fuss and trouble, and here is the result. Did any of you children ever hear of such a strange animal? Oh, you have? and what is it? Yes, you are right; it is the duck-bill platypus, that is found only in Tasmania and Australia. And it does not seem queer that such a strange animal should live in Australia, for there many things are strange—so strange that you would hardly believe them.

What would you think of a tree that is covered with leaves, and yet that gives almost no sheltering shadow from the sun? Well, there is a tree which always turns the edges of its leaves to the sun. And wouldn't you think it wonderful if you saw a savage throw a curved club that would go far away around a tree, and return to him? Well, the boomerang, as it is called, will do that. And you know about the kangaroo, that strange animal which carries its young in a pocket.

Well, the platypus is one of these strange animals which has puzzled learned men. They say that it came from the strange animals that lived thousands of year ago, and when I tell you that



HE SWAM NEAR AND SNAPPED THE TAIL WITH HIS STRONG BILL

it lays eggs you will hardly believe me. But it does, and lives in holes in the bank of some stream or lake. Its fur is fine and soft, its feet webbed, it swims very fast, and can stay under water a long, long time. It lives on water insects and worms, which it finds by turning over the stones at the bottom of the water with its strong bill. When young, it is easily tamed, and soon learns to know the voice of its master, quickly coming at his call, and feeding from his hand.

I am sorry to say that the natives of Australia are very fond of the flesh of our little friend, and hunt him at all times. Now that you know the truth about him, I am sure that you will enjoy the joking picture very much more, for one smile is worth a dozen frowns.



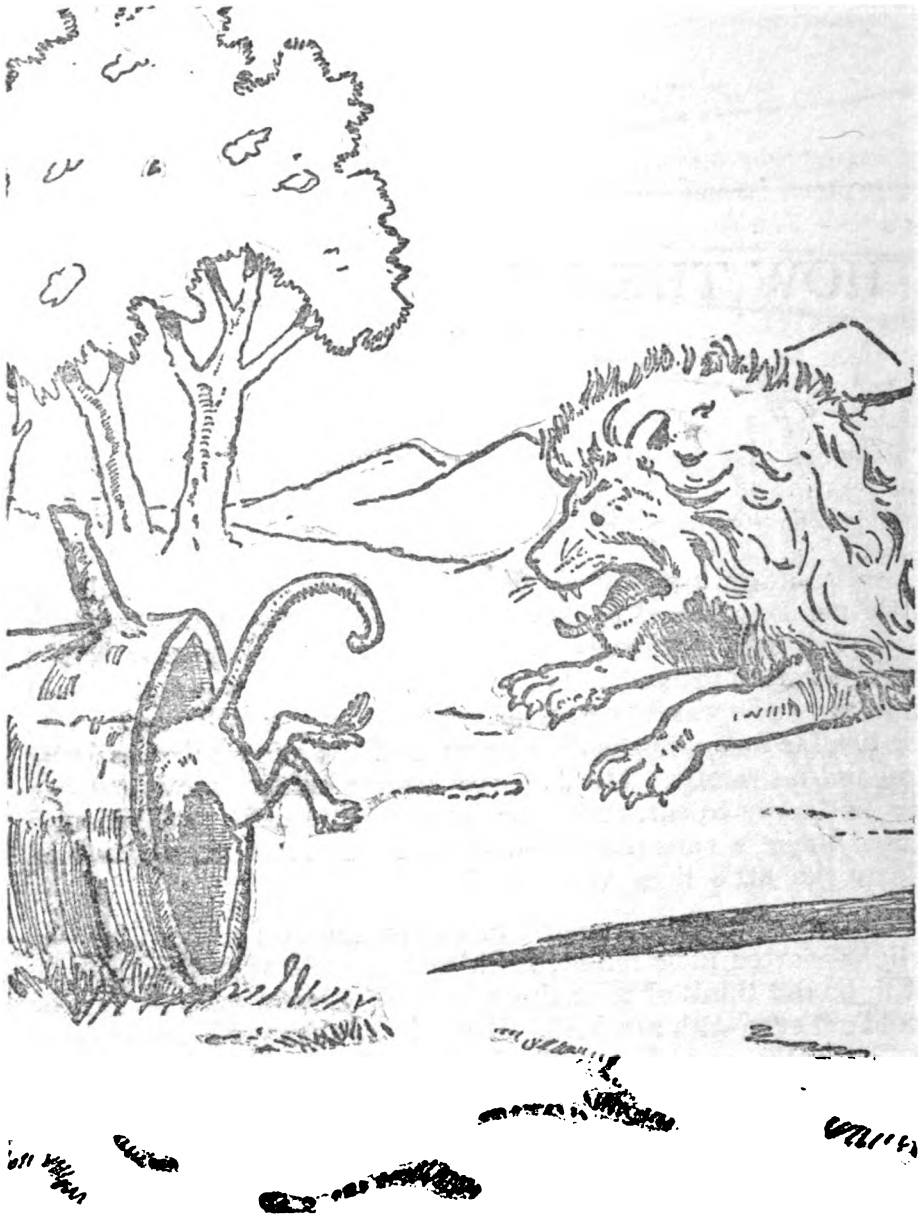
THE DUCK-BILL PLABYPUS IS AN ODD AND WONDERFUL ANIMAL

HOW THE MONKEY TRICKED THE LION

Far away in the wilds of Africa, there once lived a lively little monkey named Jocko. He frisked through the branches of the tall trees and lived a very happy life. Sometimes he would descend to the ground to hunt for roots and berries; and several times, while he was doing so, he had come very near losing his life, for not far away, in the deepest part of the jungle lived a large lion and his family. Mr. Leo was always looking for something for his family to eat, and a nice tender little monkey like Jocko would make a splendid side-dish to a fine fat deer, and would please the little lions very much.

Jocko so far had managed to escape unhurt; and, as he was a light-hearted little fellow, it did not seem to worry him much. Still, he did think of it at times, and he often wondered how he could get even with Mr. Leo. True, he could and did make faces at him as the great lion stalked valiantly beneath the trees, and sometimes he would pretend to fall, but would catch by his tail, and wave his arms and legs in monkey fashion at the strong old lion, and call him "Shaggy Mane! Shaggy Mane!"

Mr. Leo would look up at him with a growl, and, shaking his mane, would pass on.



MR. MONKEY DISAPPEARED IN THE HOLLOW LOG

One fine spring day Jocko wandered through the treetops to a place he had never been before. There was a wide, open space, with a few low bushes and shrubs here and there. He had never seen a place like it, and he quickly swung down to the ground. At first he did not go far from the safety of his friends, the trees; and two or three times he darted up into them when he thought he heard a soft foot-fall or the snap of a twig; but, as nothing came into view, he got bolder, and soon was running all over the ground, looking at flowers he never had seen, and tasting strange berries which his natural instinct told him were good for food. In this way he came to a large old log which was hollow, and which interested him at once. He looked into it, and then entered it.

“How nice and dry it would be for a nest!” he said to himself, in monkey language, “if only it were in the treetops, where it would be safe.”

He went into the log for quite a distance, and then discovered there was a hollow limb like a chimney sticking out of the top, the opening to which was just large enough for him to squeeze through; and in a moment more he was in the bright sunlight on top of the log.

This was fine, and he thought he would try it again; but, just as he was about to enter, Mr. Leo—who, as usual, was looking about for something to eat—crept up behind the little monkey.

“Ha, ha!” he laughed to himself. “I have him at last!”

Had Mr. Leo kept quiet, the rest of this story would never have been written; but he could not help but give a roar of delight as he sprang at Jocko.

Now, Jocko was a monkey of quick action; and, while Mr. Leo was still sailing through the air, Mr. Monkey disappeared inside the hollow log.



JOCKO REACHED OUT FOR THE TAIL OF THE LION

Mr. Leo was surprised at this sudden escape of his dinner, and paused to sniff around the log, in fear of some kind of a trap; but seeing that it was just an old log, and big enough for him to squeeze into, he promptly went in after Mr. Jocko, quite sure now that he could catch him. But Jocko was already half-way out of the hollow limb, and could see Mr. Leo's back and waving tail as he pushed his way into the log.

On seeing the long tail, a fine idea came to Mr. Monkey. Quickly wriggling his way out of the limb, he ran nimbly along the top of the log until he reached the end into which Mr. Leo was entering. By this time the latter had almost arrived at the end of the hollow, and his body was nearly all inside the log. He was puzzled to find that Jocko had disappeared so completely; but, noticing a light above his head he saw how he had escaped. Then he was mad, and started to back out. But Jocko had not wasted his time on the top of the log. He had reached out and tied Mr. Leo's tail securely to the stub of a branch; and, as Mr. Leo started to back out, he found he was tied fast. How he did wriggle and twist and turn! and he could just barely get his head out by bending his body almost double; and then such a twist as it did give to his tail!

But that was not the worst. There was Mr. Jocko Monkey, sitting just out of reach, and laughing fit to kill himself.

Mr. Leo pulled and pulled and pulled, until he was sure his tail would come off if he did not stop; and all this time Jocko sat and watched him with a broad grin on his face.

At last Mr. Leo quieted down some, and then Jocko began to have real fun with him. He got a long piece of grass, and tickled old Shaggy Mane's nose. The lion went into a rage, and told him what he would do to him when he got away and caught him; but Jocko only laughed the more.

"You may never get away," he said. "How would you like to stay there until you starve?"

This set Mr. Leo to thinking, and he began to be both hungry and thirsty, so he thought he would try to gain his freedom by promises as long as he could not get it by force. Then he looked all around to see if any of the other animals were around to hear, but none was in sight.

"Jocko," he then said, "you and I are old neighbors, and all my trying to catch you was just fun. I was only joking. I think a great deal of you and your family so why can't we be friends and live in peace?"

Jocko listened, and then replied:

"Mr. Leo, you never said such fair words before, and you only say them now because you find that you are a prisoner. I never harmed you, but you always have tried to catch me, and I know only too well that you would eat me for dinner if you could. Now it is getting dark, and I am going home. You must stay here all night, and in the morning I will come to see you; then, if you feel kindly toward me, I will let you go."

Jocko knew if he did let Mr. Leo go the next morning, that the old lion would catch him before he could get away, and that he was not to be trusted for a moment. Still, he did not want the shaggy old fellow to stay there all night so on his way home he stopped, and from the safety of a tree-top told Mrs. Leo all about her husband's plight.

Mrs. Leo was very angry at first, but when she thought of Mr. Leo tied by the tail, she laughed until tears ran from her eyes,

and then started off, and soon found Mr. Leo, and let him go.

Shaggy Mane was very meek, and listened very quietly to what she said, for he had learned this lesson—never to torment or hurt the weak because he was stronger, for they might be in power some time, and hold his welfare in their hands, so ever after he and Jocko were the best of friends and most peaceable of neighbors.

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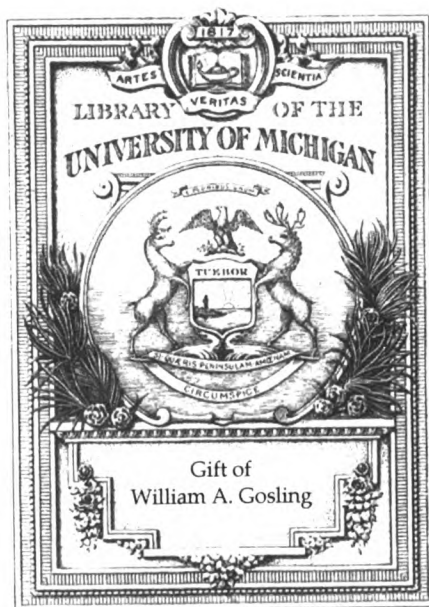
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